Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, March 14, 1918 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

ALTRUISM.

The world is not the abode of the Strong alone; it is also the home of the Loving.—J. Arthur Thomson.

The God of things as they are
  Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
  Of the thrush that sings at even;
The God of the storm and sunshine,
  Of the wolf, the snail and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence,
  Of the soundless depths of the sea;

The God of the times and the nations,
  Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
  Of the limitless human soul.
For there is nothing small,
  And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
  Embodiments of Thee!

A single thought divine
  Holds stars and sums in space;
A dream of man is Thine,
  And history finds its place.
When the universe was young,
  This was the Perfect Thought,
That life should be bound in one
  By the strand of Love enwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
  Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle
  Waxes the bond of love.
Out from the ruthless ages
  Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman,
  The love of the mother and child.

David Starr Jordan.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918 Number 2

THE BRAVEST.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

* * * *

Heart of duty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Tireless service found release.

Kneeling where a woman lies,
Spent in willing sacrifice,
I strew lilies on the grave,
Of the bravest of the brave.

—*T. W. Higginson.*

A loyal citizen of Chicago and a brave worker for all humanity, Celia Parker Woolley, passed from the world where she seemed so much needed on Saturday, March 10, at the Frederick Douglass Centre, the institution which she founded and where she lived and labored for many years. The funeral services were conducted the following Monday at the Abraham Lincoln Centre by Dr. Rowena Morse Mann. No hurried estimate of a life and work so true and simple, noble and unselfish should be given. That must wait for the more deliberate word of the senior Editor, whose privilege it is to speak of the value of this life to the world, and to voice his loving appreciation of a friendship and comradeship which never failed in almost forty years. Unity extends to Dr. Woolley, the tender husband and co-worker, deepest sympathy.

Most of our boys have entered this war from high motives, they are going to risk all in the service of democracy. Equip them with comforts and weapons as we may, their greatest comfort and the finest weapons against which no soldiers of autocracy can stand, are their ideals. Woe to the man or woman who robs them of their ideals! They go to serve democracy and democracy means brotherhood. Those who from soft places at home attempt to substitute for brotherhood hate and vengeance, the false servants of democracy, are disloyal with every breath and are trying to rob our boys of that which in life or death will be their stay and comfort. O. C. S.

The resurrection of the living is more important than the resurrection of the dead. Whatever we may believe concerning the latter, it is perfectly true that many people are practically dead in the real world of vital facts and living issues. One can lose life in other ways than by dying. There are sepulchres for those we call the living just as there are sepulchres for those we call the dead. Those who seek only their own selfish interests, or who are obsessed by some loss or sorrow, are the ones who need our comradely assistance this Eastertime. Perhaps we can help to roll the stone away, and send to them the clarion call of the larger life. There needs to be spoken the great message that eternal life is now, and that nothing may be expected of the hereafter that may not be achieved here. There is no reason to suppose that mere physical death will work any miracles of freedom. Resurrection of the body will never take place; resurrection of the soul may take place now. C. W. C.

About ten years ago the Optimist Club of America was formed. Its "Resolve" was as follows: "I will keep my heartaches and troubles to myself, so that other hearts will not be burdened by the weight of my misfortunes. I will endeavor at all times to be cheerful, and smile, so that my smile may be the incentive to others to smile. I will try to make this sad old world less sad, for I will never pass this way again." Its motto was the single word, "Smile."

"Smile." It is a good word. It is the universal privilege. It is a contribution within the reach of all. Lacking a million to endow a hospital, a man can give smiles to his fellows, and save some from going there. In the smile is power. It adds to the soul-power of every man on whom it flashes. Coal is stored-up sunshine. So is courage. Every man's face can be some other man's fortune.

The times call for optimists. Nothing is more fatal to fear than a hearty laugh. No myth of foreboding will stay to be made fun of. You can sing any superstition out of sight. Fear will never sing a duet with faith. When optimism takes the platform, pessimism goes out of the door. Let us therefore be aggressive optimists, thrusting our candle into the darkness and flinging a cheery note into the prevailing discord. There is no greater task in these ill days of war.

C. W. C.

Evereywhere we hear talk of vegetable gardens. They were three very little children who came to our garden two years ago. Their father had been out of work for months, there was poverty that hurt in the home. They seemed fit subjects for our utilitarian ideas. We gave them the best garden and helped the little hands prepare the soil, then summoned them to get their seeds. When we offered chard, beets, carrots and beans, the three little faces lost their glow, the troubled eyes made us know we had blundered. "Don't you want these seeds so you will have nice things to take home to eat?" "No, it was a lily of the valley bed we had been thinking of having." Let these little ones with a hunger for beauty they had only heard of and never seen plead for flowers among the vegetables. O. C. S.

He was just an honest little boy wanting advice about investing money in war saving stamps. "Before giving you advice I must know your motives. I notice people are actuated by three motives in this war work; a sincere desire to help, a desire to show off, or a desire to invest. Which of these motives is yours?" "I guess all three, for I do want to show off and I want to make a good investment, and *of course* I want to help some." He made his investment, but it was not at the school, but in a postoffice where no one cared if it was much or little. O. C. S.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, in a strong article in *The Independent,* mercilessly condemns the British liquor traffic, and characterizes it as Britain's biggest blunder. The facts he states gives ample foundation for the indictment. He shows that during 1917, when the German submarines destroyed the equivalent of 120,000 loaves of bread a day, the breweries of Great Britain destroyed 750,000 loaves a day. Moreover, the British Government allowed the brewers to outbid the millers, and so secure the best of the grain. Since the beginning of the war, the breweries have destroyed 390,000 tons of sugar, or 39 weeks' sugar rations for the whole people. Eighty thousand gallons of whiskey were sent to the British officers of one camp alone at Christmas. The boys from the United States and the colonies are subjected to the full force of temptation, and in many cases fall debauched before they reach the fighting line. It is a matter that ought to receive instant attention from our Government and our citizens. We are depriving ourselves in order that we might supply the brewers of Great Britain with grain to make whiskey to debauch our boys! Patriotism to a common cause is one thing, and a decent interest in the welfore of those who represent us is quite another. The British liquor traffic is more than a blunder; it is a crime.

C. W. C.

Rolls of Honor

At the headquarters of the American Unitarian Association in Boston, there hangs in a conspicuous place a Roll of Honor bearing the names of Unitarian ministers who have entered upon active war service of one kind or another. That this is a true Roll of Honor will be universally conceded. The only question can be as to why the names upon the list are relatively so few in number. Here are the great majority of Unitarian clergymen describing the destruction of German militarism as necessary to the permanence of our civilization, defending war as a justifiable and efficacious method of accomplishing this end, declaring that nothing is of real importance today except the fighting in Europe—and yet themselves staying comfortably at home and letting other men occupy the supreme posts of duty and danger. I have no desire to be unfair—no eagerness to bring unfounded charges against my colleagues. But I must make my personal confession—that if I felt as most of the Unitarian ministers seem to feel, if I said the things that most of them are saying, if I were in the prime of physical manhood and unencumbered by a large family as many of them are, I hope that I would leave my pulpit upon the instant and march to the front to meet and fight the Germans! I admire such a man as Dr. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church of New York, who, after clamoring for war two years or more before it came, urging members of his congregation to volunteer for service, and ardently supporting the conscription act, himself, although fifty years of age, placed himself at the disposal of the government. All honor to the men who prove their words by their works!

On my desk here in my church office there stands another Roll of Honor. This contains the names—eleven in number—of those Unitarian ministers of Pacifist convictions who have retired from their pulpits since the declaration of war against Germany in April last. They are the men who, like Luther in the olden time, have faced Cæsar and said, "Here I stand. God help me! I cannot do other." That this is a true Roll of Honor will probably be denied by some, but freely granted by all who believe in the "witness of the spirit." To such there can be only the question as to why the names upon the list should be relatively so many in number, or indeed why there should be any such list at all! Freedom of thought and utterance would seem to be basic to Unitarianism. If this ideal be denied, it is difficult to discover what may be the *raison d'etre* of any Unitarian church anywhere! And yet here are these eleven men, who have paid anew the price of liberty! It is a melancholy record, and yet perhaps not unwholesome as a re-

minder of what still remains to be attained by those who boast themselves the guardians of freedom!

These two Rolls of Honor, in certain ways, represent the very different points of view on this vast issue of the war. In one way, at least, however, and this perhaps the highest, they are the same. Both bear the golden names of those who have given their lives to the high cause of their idealism.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Tragedy of Royalty

The tragedy of all royalty lies in the fact that the monarch lives in a world of unrealities, compelled to order his life in harmony with a host of minor inheritors of power, selected by nobody, and ruled abjectly by traditions from an unthinking age. Questions of personal character are of minor importance, but if ever an absolute monarch tries to think or act for himself, he is smothered in conventionalities which serve as a disguise for selfish personal interest. It might be more just to such rulers as Charles II of England, Louis XVI, or the present German Kaiser, to magnify the degree of wisdom and humanity, however small, they have contrived to show in the midst of conditions in which wisdom and humanity count among the deadly sins. The position of the constitutional monarch has been compared to that of a "fifth wheel of a coach," a social and not a political function. But a fifth wheel may become most valuable in case of accident. A king cannot. In a crisis he is less than useless. "The dog under the wagon" is a better comparison, but the dog is independent in his degree, and is free to leave the wagon. A protected lapdog in the tonneau is a nearer comparison.

"Is not monarchy a refinement of cruelty upon man's earlier invention of a king who is priest of the people and must die for the people? Now it is our demand that a man should die a mental death, that he should cease to participate in the mental flux which is civilization and abandon his private search for God, and that he should devote himself to reflecting the convictions of the contemporary governing classes." (The London *Nation*, November, 1917.)

But if the adjustment, which, by removing all individual power and responsibility, necessarily suffocates its victim, why not let him abdicate and become a "man among men"? To be a king is not a "man's job" these days. Inherited authority can only be a menace or a farce.

D. S. J.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gates of Paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?
—*Wm. R. Alger.*

Parliaments of Religion in the Orient

In my preceding article, entitled "The Parliament of Religion in Benares," I related my experience in the sacred city of India, where to a goodly company composed largely of learned Brahmins, I told the story of the great Parliament in Chicago, ending with Mr. Jones's prophecy of another like it to be held in the Orient. In the present communication I wish to tell of more recent experiences in India, Ceylon, China and Japan, which bear upon the oriental parliament idea.

My earlier visit to India occurred 22 years ago, or two years after the great Chicago gathering. My later visit to India and the other countries of the Far East, was made four years ago.

I said that my first visit was as the representative of the British and Foreign Unitarians to their Brahmo Somaj brethren, and to consult them as to methods of coöperation in carrying on liberal religious work in India.

On my second visit (in 1913-14) I was sent to carry out a double mission: (1) The American Unitarian Association appointed me its Billings Lecturer to Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Ceylon and India; and (2) the International Council of Liberal Religion (an organization both American and European, of which Dr. Charles W. Wendte of Boston was the Secretary and General Manager) sent me as its Agent to arrange in the countries named, not one great all-the-world parliament of religions like that in Chicago, but several International Religious Parliaments or Congresses, smaller than that in Chicago but of the same general character.

Of my Billings Lectureship work I need not speak here, any further than to say that by means of it I was enabled to deliver before literary and religious associations, universities and colleges, in the Orient, some 66 lectures and extended addresses, 24 of these being in Japan, 4 in China, 4 in Ceylon and 44 in India,—the subjects treated all being more or less closely connected with liberal religion, and my audiences seldom falling below 300 and often reaching 1,000 or 1,200. Of course this means that I found my Billings Lectureship experiences in these great countries exceedingly interesting and worth while entirely aside from any thought or arranging for congresses.

But my other mission, that of making plans for a series of international religious congresses or parliaments, was more interesting still, and, as I think, still more important. Let me go into a little detail about it.

The organization that sent me to arrange for this congress, namely, The International Council of Liberal Religion, is well known to many of the readers of UNITY. It was organized soon after the Chicago Parliament with the object in view of holding religious parliaments or congresses of the same kind, but on a smaller scale, from time to time, in America and in the various countries of Europe. It had already held six such congresses previous to my mission to the Orient to arrange for others there,—the locations of the six having been London, Boston, Amsterdam in Holland, Geneva in Switzerland, Berlin and Paris. These had been so largely attended and had awakened so wide-spread an interest, that the Council determined to undertake a congress, one or more, in Asia.

Indeed it resolved upon the bold project of attempting to hold a series or chain of Asiatic congresses, extending from Constantinople or Jerusalem in the extreme West to Japan in the extreme East. It was indeed a daring undertaking; but Dr. Wendte in this country, Rev. W. Copeland Bowie in England, and others, took up the matter with energy, and it looked as if there was good ground for expecting success.

The exact plan agreed upon was as follows: My advance tour of preparation was made in the autumn, winter and spring before the beginning of the present war. It was arranged that six months later, about November 1st (1914), a small company of well-known American liberal religious leaders, representing Liberal Judaism, Unitarianism, Universalism, Liberal Quakerism, and Liberal Orthodoxy, were to start from this country on a world-circling mission, going first to London and holding a brief initial congress in that city. From there the party, increased by several English religious liberals of distinction, was to proceed to the continent, adding to their number several liberal scholars and religious leaders from France, Holland and Germany, and holding a second brief congress at Buda-Pest, in Austria-Hungary.

Proceeding thence, their next stopping places were to be Jerusalem and the two Mohammedan cities, Constantinople and Cairo, where congresses were to be held. Pushing on from there toward the farther Orient, they were to hold one or more congresses in India, one in China and one in Japan; from the latter country proceeding across the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco and completing the chain of congresses with one in that city in connection with the great Panama Exposition.

With making arrangements for the congresses in London, Buda-Pest, Constantinople, Jerusalem and Cairo, I had nothing to do. These were in the hands of Dr. Wendte, Mr. Bowie and certain European helpers. My task was to prepare the ground for the gatherings in the Orient proper. To this work I gave six months of time, or, counting my ocean voyage, seven months.

As a result, full and careful plans were matured for seven congresses, and strong local committees were appointed to have charge of the same. The congresses were to be held,—one in Tokyo, the capital of Japan, one in Shanghai, the great commercial emporium and for our purpose the most important city of China, one in Colombo, the chief city of Ceylon, and four in great centers in India, namely, in Madras, the leading city of the South, in Bombay, the commercial metropolis of the West, in Lahore the capital of the Punjab in the North, and in Calcutta, the great city of the East.

Of course in every city my aim was, as a first and absolutely essential step, to secure the sympathy and active interest of as large a number as possible of leading broad-minded and influential local men of all faiths. Fortunately I was able to do this everywhere to a remarkable degree. The very nature of my mission interested intelligent and liberal minded persons of every religious connection, and made them quick to listen to my message. Nearly everywhere among Hindus, Buddists, Parsis, Mohammedans, Sikhs, Confucianists, Shintoists and other non-Christians, my Unitarian name, and the fact that I was the representative of the American Unitarian Association, helped me; my letters of introduction from America and England helped me; the story of the great Chicago Parliament of Religions, which I told everywhere, helped me greatly; in Japan Dr. Clay MacCauley, our well-known and honored Unitarian representative, rendered me assistance of the greatest importance; in China Dr. Gilbert Reid, the Head of the International Institute of China, a liberal Presbyterian with warmly Unitarian sympathies, gave me indispensable help; in Ceylon I received most valuable assistance from several eminent liberal Buddist and Hindu scholars; and in India not only the Brahmo Somaj leaders everywhere, but a large number of other men of influence and distinction, connected with almost every important religion, gave me their sympathy, encouragement and aid.

It may interest readers if I name a very few of the many sympathizers and helpers that I found in India.

Perhaps the most important were Principal Maitra, of the City College, Calcutta, who visited America in 1908, giving lectures at Meadville and elsewhere; Dr. J. C. Bose, perhaps the most distinguished scientist in India, who is well known in England and this country from lectures that he has delivered before the British Royal Society in London and at Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins and other leading American universities; Mrs. Dr. Bose, who is one of the best known and most influential women of Calcutta; and Rev. H. C. Sarkar, who is the General Secretary and Missionary at large of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, Calcutta. Besides these should be mentioned Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished poet; many prominent educators in various parts of India, including members of the faculties of the Calcutta University, the City College, Calcutta, the Lahore University, the Dyal Singh and Anglo Vedic Colleges, Lahore, the Bombay University, the Mohammedan University at Alighar, and the Rajah's College at Coconada; the Mayor of the city of Mangalore; two Mohammedan judges of the Calcutta High Court; Sir Narayan Chandravarkar, Prime Minister of the State of Indore, who was made Chairman of the General Managing Committee for all India; the Rajah of Pithapuram, who was so much interested that he promised himself alone to bear the whole expense of the Congress in Madras; and the Gaekwer of Baroda, the most important native ruler in India, who in my interview with him was so much impressed with the story of the Chicago Parliament and with the idea of holding congresses in the same spirit in the Orient, that he insisted on my explaining my plans in full privately to his minister of Education and his Secretary of State and then publicly in an address in the great hall of his palace to a specially invited company of 200 consisting of his cabinet officers and other distinguished men of his capital, he himself presiding. He ended by promising to preside at the Congress in Bombay and to do everything in his power to make the Congress movement in India a success.

A further word should be said about the Congress in Tokyo, which promised to be the largest as it was to be the last of the congresses in Asia. With Mr. MacCauley's aid I was able to enlist the interest and coöperation of several very distinguished public men, the most important being Baron Shibusawa, the eminent philanthropist, educator and financier, often called the Pierpont Morgan of Japan, and Count Okuma, twice Premier. Through these men I was invited to present the Congress plan to the "Con-

cordia" of Tokyo, perhaps as influential an association as exists in Japan, made up of leading public men, members of both houses of Parliament, cabinet officers, high officers of the army and navy, eminent educators, editors of important papers, authors, prominent leaders of all religious faiths, etc. After full consideration the association voted unanimously to invite the International Council to hold a Congress in Tokyo, the "Concordia" to be its host, to entertain the speakers coming from America and Europe, to make all local arrangements for the meetings, and to bear all expenses.

Nothing more favorable than this could possibly be desired. The Congress being taken up by this influential association of course meant that it would be made an event of not simply local but of national importance.

Thus it will be seen that the welcome extended to all the seven congresses planned for in the Orient was most gratifying, and that the coöperation offered in making arrangements for them was such as promised a high degree of success for all.

Have the congresses been held? Alas, no! Why not? The question hardly needs an answer. In July, three months after my return from the East and four months before the Congress speakers were to start from New York on their journey, the war broke out. Every nation interested in the congresses was soon immersed in the terrible struggle. As a result of course all plans had to be postponed until the war was over. At the end of a year, and again at the end of two years, the committees of management sent us word that they were holding on, and hoped still to carry out their plans when peace should arrive. But the conflict is continuing so long, and is so seriously disturbing the affairs of the whole world, that the whole project of the congresses may have to be given up, or an entirely new start made.

However, time is long. Let us not give up hope. So fine a dream as that of following up the great Parliament of Religions in Chicago with another of like nature, or with more than one, in the Orient, whether in Benares or elsewhere, should not be lightly abandoned. Let me close this letter as I did that which preceded it, with the question, whether it hath not "been fore-ordained from before the foundation of the world," as a good Calvinist would say, that the man who more than any other was the creator of the Chicago Parliament, shall yet make, or have an important part in making, this splendid dream come true?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, February 22, 1918.

FREE SPEECH.

"If all mankind minus one were of one opinion and only one person were of contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power would be justified in silencing mankind." —*John Stuart Mills.*

THE PULPIT

Studies in Modern Mysticism
V.

Christian Science

Neo-Buddhism in the West

Sermon preached February 3, 1918, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

"Infinite Tenderness, Eternal Power, Unfailing Law and ever present Love!" Thus with human phrases and elusive words we seek thee the Ineffable and would fain realize thine infinite presence. We would know thy will, we would revere thy realities, we would stand in thy holy temple of matter, touched anew with the awe that comes to the soul that realizes immensity. Through it may we be touched anew with reverence for the soul that catches glimpses of the inevitable sweep of thy will, revealed in the swinging planets and the returning seasons, revealed in the delicate architecture of body and the supreme mysteries of the soul. Thus seeking we would worship thee, Father, this morning. Amen.

I believe in spirit. I believe in a universe ordered by law, enthroned in ordered majesty commensurable only by the experiences of the spirit, the grasp of mind, the affections of the heart. I find this universe presenting itself to me in two sublime experiences. The experiences of the outer world, contact with things, tangible, measurable, things which may be touched, weighed, measured; things that reveal themselves more fully in laboratories; things, the mystery of which can be penetrated more successfully by the help of the reason that ushers us into the sanctity of things small, the marvelous realm of littleness revealed through the microscope and that upper realm that spans the distances with telescopes that reveal worlds where the eye discovers specks.

I believe in the sanctity of the body which I occupy, a thing to be nourished and sheltered, a thing that calls for heat and food and clothing. On the other hand, I believe in a universe that reveals itself in things intangible, things the hand may not touch and the eye may not see, the vast divine realm of thought and feeling, of hope and love, of sorrow and joy, of growth and decay. That something that knows the inspiration of duties done and with equal urgency feels the condemnation of duties avoided.

I believe in the world that impinges upon my life in the smiles of virtue and the frowns of sin. I believe in the tremendous power of mind over matter. I know from observation and experience how the burdened body laboring with foreign material, through misuse or abuse, inadequate to its task, has been vitalized by the quickening of spirit, its own and others. I have known by experience and by observation that concentrated thought, a throbbing love, a touch of courage have often turned the tide of life. That which was apparently being borne on to disease and death has been changed and moved forward to health and power. Most assuredly I believe in the power of mind over body. Also I believe in the sanitary quality of nobility. I know there is a connection between sin and disease, between virtue and health. As I study the history of the world I discover that the physician and the prophet were identical in all the primitive philosophies of mind and still more so in

the practice of early peoples. In the unsophisticated life of primitive communities the prophet and the physician were one, the "medicine man" was also law giver and law interpreter to his neighbors. I recognize the undoubted fact that all early religions were charged and over charged with tales of healing, with stories of miracle that overcame disease and death itself. I believe that there is a basis for truth in all this. I recognize that many, very many, perhaps a majority, of the ills of health are traceable to a disordered mind, that arise from an untrained spirit. They worry us from an inadequately equipped will.

I cannot make these affirmations too strongly, I cannot state adequately the profundity of my convictions in this direction.

But on the other hand I am compelled to believe with equal clearness that the house affects the tenant, that the inadequate shelter exposes the inmate. I believe that body often cripples mind; a broken leg defeats will, inadequate nourishment breeds helplessness of will. The vicissitudes of life, many of them far far beyond the control of the finite, do bring bitter experiences, heavy woes, fatal maladies into the world. There are pains and weaknesses that come from beyond the control of the human will and are beyond the remedy of human skill. No more surely do tornadoes, earthquakes, fire and lightning demolish this house not made with hands, this tenement in which dwells spirit, than do they level barns and demolish cities. There are insidious bacteria that walk by night in slippered feet to menace health and defeat life, and it behooves us to defeat these germs that breed malaria, typhoid and tuberculosis. With Browning:

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

I recognize the stories of healing that come to us from every side in these new day revelations of mysticism of which I am speaking in course. They are the logical and chronological successors of the luxuriant miracle growth of the middle and earlier centuries. Admitting a basis of fact in all these healing stories, I still reject the philosophy that gives to them a divine power or origin. The miracles of healing, so called, are coextensive with the literature of religion. No philosophy has been too crude, no theology has been too inadequate to the growing mind, no faith has been too materialistic or absurd but what it has carried with it healing powers in many cases.

Christian Science is one of the latest healing cults injected into human life. It is by no means unique. I accept their tales with the modifications which I will presently allude to. But so I accept and know the triumphs of Holy Hill, up there in Wisconsin where pilgrims climb the hill with crutches and leave their crutches behind them on the top of the hill. I have seen a great assemblage of human curios displayed behind the pulpit of a Dowie. I have known men who have sought him in weakness and have gone forth, as they thought, in strength.

The story of Mary Baker Eddy's triumph over disease is only one chapter and that an insignificant one in the story of the cures of the Catholic faith that enrich the records of the centuries. All the saints from Augustine down through St. Patrick and Joan d'Arc down to St. Bridget, have left behind them a string of relics of the ills they have overcome, not only by their presence and by their wills but even a lock of hair from the dead body, a wasted bone out of an ancient tomb, a bit of wood or a nail from the sacred Cross have relieved the pain of suffering multitudes, have cured innumerable diseases. Of all this I am perfectly persuaded, but I am not hear to discuss the methods of these healings but I am trying to find where is the place in modern thought for the philosophies that lie back of them.

I have spoken of these cures. In the hands of the investigator and in the light of scientific research the accounting for these cures is not far to seek. In the first place these people must well understand that nature is always on the side of health. Somebody has voiced his skepticism in an epigram which Robert Ingersoll was glad to quote with great glee whenever he had a good chance. "If I had had the making of the universe I would have made health contagious and not disease." That is just the case now. The creative power of the universe does endow life with a tremendous propulsion toward joy and health and potency. Nature is on the side of the sick man. Health is contagious, thank heaven! Tremendously contagious. There are other things that are catching besides whooping cough and measles.

The next consideration is that a percentage of the afflicted will get well anyhow. This class calls for a large percentage. Let them alone and they are sure to get well. They are getting well anyhow and any outside accident or impulse may only share in the process. Another percentage will get well with a little help. The experiences of the past are favorable to the sick body as to the blinded mind. So this vast experience, classified, catalogued, investigated and verified through the unmeasured generations of medical science and surgical skill, is a great asset of life. Is it a trifling thing to regard with indifference the battle for health which goes on in this wonderful mechanism we call the body? A little help may turn the tide, arrest the march toward the grave and lead the steps toward life. Sometimes that help may be a dose of quinine, sometimes a severe rebuke and sometimes a winsome smile or the reassurance of a mother's prayer.

Then there is another percentage of the sick that is going to die anyhow. They are surely going to die. The graveyards are rapidly filling up with graves of Christian Scientists who died before their time. The indisputable conclusion is that *we will all die finally.*

Now rejoicing in these large affirmations I reject the negations of that philosophy that offers what seems to me the supreme indignity to intellect of our times. That which undertakes to wipe off, out of the realm of human thought and experience the majesty of the outward universe of which these wonderful bodies of ours are a part. There were stars hanging in the infinite spaces before mortal mind came along to misrepresent them or to deny their existence altogether. The mighty orb of Day and the gracious Queen of Night have bounds and conditions established independent of any inspirations that may come from any human "revelations," whether they be through Moses or Mother Baker Eddy. There is a reality in the universe which my faith in God and my hope in man demands that I respect and obey.

But we here encounter the argument from numbers.

We are reminded of the mighty success that is sweeping on, multiplying churches and piling up members. There are many who recite the statistics all of which are true. "Beautifully true," shall I say, alarmingly true if they are to offer numbers as an argument for truth. If they present sudden growth and wide expansion as arguments for virility or vitality, what of the mighty hordes of Mohammed sweeping through the centuries? During the decades of his own life time there was revealed a mighty converting power compared with which the triumph of Christian Science is puny and small. If you think that numbers prove anything, note in the story of the Crusades that wave of enthusiasm that swept hundreds of thousands of men, women and children too, out of their normal life into a wild rhapsodic dream of recovering the grave of their Savior from infidel hands. Ann Hutchinson's is a story of divine sanity and saintliness. She who died over two hundred years before Mary Baker Eddy, stirred an English speaking community with a frenzy that has left its sad sweet evidences to this day in the small community up there in New Hampshire near Mary Baker Eddy's home, a community which we now call "Shaker" in contempt.

Joseph Smith moved his loyal battalions across the deserts, took an arid waste and converted the same into a veritable garden and established one of the great commonwealths of the nation in industrial integrity and economic wisdom. Does that prove the divine source of Mormonism or the infallibility of the Mormon Bible? I have been there and talked to happy and prosperous representatives. I have been there and have taken note. I have caught the glint in their eyes borne out of a deep conviction, and I am compelled to see a degree of truth in their stories of triumphs over sin and disease, weakness and poverty. I admit the basic facts; I rejoice in these unquestioned triumphs, physical and spiritual.

Must I on that account accept their claim of a special revelation handed to Joseph Smith, engraved on gold plates, found in some obscure place in "York State"? Thus far Mormonism is an interesting reality to be accounted for, a phenomenon to be studied, but not necessarily a "revelation" to accept, a spiritual discovery.

The South Sea Bubble, the Dutch tulip craze, the Lady of Lourdes stories are events within the records of modern times. In an obscure village in an out of the way place in France, a neglected, feeble bodied little maiden saw the Virgin Mary and there lo, on that spot bubbled forth a fresh spring of water, and in due time a great and beautiful church was built near the spring. Thirty or forty cardinals were present at the dedication. It is a shrine that even to this day has been a healing benediction to thousands, nay, it is claimed to millions. This is a phenomenon in human experience to be studied but any short cut attempt at a final conclusion of religious truth based upon it, is to say the least very dangerous.

We must indeed go farther than the argument that "it did heal," or it "does go," before we can establish the claim of an infallible divine revelation for any one movement in history. These movements are too numerous to classify.

All of them witness to the triumph of convictions, the power of enthusiasm, and in the case of Christian Science, the splendid results of thrift, sagacity and business shrewdness. Such things go, they have always gone. Faith is always inspiring, whether it be the faith of the naked savage who hangs his divinity around his neck in the shape of a lucky stone and goes into battle with unhesitating courage knowing that that amulet will ward off the poisoned arrow of his enemy; or the sweeping conversions of "Billy" Sunday, who renders the triumphs of Mrs. Eddy, measured by dollars, cents and numbers, insignificant.

I am not here to analyze the Christian Science faith or to tell the story of Mary Baker Eddy, though I am not ignorant of the literature. I have consulted only their own material and have recently gone carefully over it once more in preparing this sermon. An eulogy almost a rhapsody is found in the authorized biography of Mrs. Eddy by Sybil Wilbur which reveals a life that began tempestuously, continued through the major part in mental and oftentimes physical turmoil. She was three times married, none of the marriages very felicitous. Twice they were disastrous. She was involved in endless litigation. By her own confession she won health by the help of one whose methods she afterwards denounced as dangerous with a philosophy she believed to be malign. Whatever her relations with Mr. Quimby may have been, and I am not her to discuss them, by her own confession she was taught and healed by him and then she discovered that mesmerism was a dangerous thing, and she spent much time in trying to shake her own methods and following loose from the dangerous insinuations of the mesmeric quality, hypnotism, spiritualism and all the other isms, that as a matter of fact socially and perhaps logically impinge upon her own claim as a discoverer of the true Christian gospel.

She herself, when it came to the agonies of her husband in his dying moments, summoned a physician, perhaps for outside reasons, we will think so. After he was dead she asked this same physician to perform an autopsy. He showed her the valvular disturbance of the heart, to the unillumined an adequate cause for death, but still she preferred to announce to the world that he died from *"mesmeric poisoning,"* mentally administered, whatever that may be. "Mesmeric poisoning mentally administered" is not bad, particularly when we remember that in the months immediately preceding they were involved in serious litigation trying to evade non-material injuries done by previous students and others. Of course the biographer adds, the "Doctor found no traces of arsenic," but adds, "who can with authority deny Mrs. Eddy's statement!" Sure enough, who can deny her statement that "He died from mesmeric poisoning, mentally administered."

The story of Mary Baker Eddy to the initiated is a story of an accepted "revelation," a "divine revealment" carrying infallible authority. In her own lifetime she was elevated to an adorable position. She withdrew from the details and the practice of the faith that she taught. She herself administered to no one. She herself became the Mecca of the devout. One of her latest revealments as clipped from a recent number of the *Christian Science Journal* tells how:

> On the occasion of a large gathering of Christian Scientists in Concord, New Hampshire, Mrs. Eddy allowed the word to be circulated that she would speak to those gathered at a certain hour in the Christian Science Hall. The hour came, and the hall was filled by expectant students. Mrs. Eddy was there, seated upon the slightly raised platform. All waited. Mrs. Eddy's whole attitude expressed absence from the body and presence with the Lord. She seemed oblivious of material surroundings, and sat looking out, intently listen-

ing. After some moments the writer heard these words from her lips: "I will go." Immediately she arose, stepped into the aisle, and left the hall, with no adieu, no explanation, but evidently obedient to a heavenly order.

Such were the experiences of St. Bridget, St. Patrick, St. Francis and their splendid colleagues, the unquestioned "saints." Such the presence imputed to all the great teachers and saviors of religion the world has ever known. That which explains one explains all. That which interprets this experience which gathered round the adorable "Mother Eddy" will interpret the experience of all revelators.

My own experience impinges on the story of Mrs. Eddy in a way which I have never made public and do not care to now. I told you in my study of Theosophy of James H. Wiggin's part in the organization of the Theosophic Society in New York in 1875. He was a good friend of mine, an early colleague in the Unitarian ministry. Through his kindly offices I was first permitted to visit Boston, because Edward Everett Hale had said "no Unitarian minister could enter Heaven but by the way of Boston," and Wiggin helped me forward on my heavenly pilgrimage. He was a learned man skilled more perhaps in handling manuscripts than in preaching. He became for many years one of the head readers in what is now the Houghton Mifflin house in Cambridge. One day many years ago I received a summons to come to the Palmer House in Chicago. Mr. Wiggin was there and wanted to see me. He was then in declining health on his way back home from California. He said, "I have something to tell you," and he told me what is now a twice told tale. How in his capacity of reader to the John Wilson Press he was called in to help make available a mass of manuscript which the compositors would not tackle. He applied himself to the task of making legible, readable, available and grammatical the manuscript which ultimately grew to be "Science and Health," some parts of which he found so broken that he had to supply passages. One portion was so seriously broken that he suggested to Mrs. Eddy that he had a sermon that fitted in there and she told him to put it in. The story of this "Science and Health" passing through successive editions, each edition changed, revised, improved with omissions and additions, indicates that that book, as well it might, passed through many human processes of revisement towards perfection. This is the story of many if not all the abiding classics.

But that is to be said of "Science and Health" which can be said of all bibles: its defects, limitations and contradictions are not only conceivable but are commendable if the changes are due to the human groping towards clearness and power.

If, on the other hand, the belief in the "revelation" from on high is insisted upon, then every inaccuracy disclosed and corrected is a reflection upon the reliability of the divine dictator. If the Bible is accepted as a record of human experience it is interpreted with reverential recognition of mistakes, but if we are to take it as a revelation from above then every contradiction, every inaccuracy of fact, any omission of necessary connection is a reflection either upon the inadequacy of the revelation or upon the carelessness of the power that received it.

So I resent any philosophy that undertakes to remove from human experience and appreciation the revelation of the telescope or the microscope. I propose to believe in this bodily home of mine, the voice that now speaks to you, the tongue now implying the sanctities of the life that now is, the holiness of this body, the house not made with hands. I resent any interpretation of any one book whatever its claims to be a new and exclusive revelation of God to man. I cannot think with complacency of the benignancy of the Infinite who would dismiss with sublime arrogance the testimony that comes through the five gateways of the body and who would withhold so valuable a revelation as "Science and Health" purports to be until the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Why was it never thought of before? What is to become of the men who are now within the reach of the saving power of the gospel which Mrs. Eddy gave to the world in "Science and Health," which by the way is to the seeker today quite inaccessible. The only edition available last week in Chicago book stores in standard cloth binding cost $5.00. Christian Science here stands in opposition to the practice of the Bahai movement, whose devotees are anxious to keep it untrammeled by organization, unfettered by institutions, free from ceremony and from business ambition and financial greed. To the contrary, Mrs. Eddy was forever copyrighting, was engaged in perpetual litigation and has proven herself worthy of her Puritan ancestors in one respect at least. Hers has been a very thrifty movement and from the start has been a very successful organization. She herself claims to have taught four thousand pupils; this at the rate of $300 tuition would make $1,200,000 earned in teaching the laws of life. Then there were all the copyrights, and her biographer suggests "some successful investments" placed in securities. All this enabled her to leave a vast estate subject to the quarrelings and legal complications which vast estates are apt to entail, quite independent of the divine quality of the testator.

Now we must ask ourselves in conclusion what are some of the reflections that come to us? It is interesting to note:

First, that this is another woman movement. Its modernity is established on that if on no other account. Madame Blavatsky, Madame Besant, Mrs. Tingley and Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, four contemporaneous women, are all of them successful leaders of mighty movements in religion judging by outward statistics, judged by successful organization. This of itself characterizes these movements as very modern. Every Christian Science Church must have two readers, one of whom is a woman. Mary Baker Eddy's trouble reached its highest intensity in a dispute with another woman in New York, Mrs. Stetson, the head of the New Church of Christian Science. As you know I speak of this femininity as a compliment and not as a criticism. You know I believe that woman is coming to her own and these things have their significance.

Second, there is another sign of the times in this. However much the scripture of Christian Science may empty the world of *things*, however much the leaders may have condemned matter, they have been very successful in accumulating it. They are very proud of that shadowy unreality in Boston that cost a million and a half dollars that lifts its white dome of unreality over a city so much given to materialism. Christian Science does not seem to interfere with the dressmakers' or the milliners' expensive displays, the high-heeled shoes with the results that follow therefrom, the dissipations of draperies and a parading of the

elegancies as well as the comforts of unreal things. Only fancies of the mortal mind of course, but they are very interesting and exceedingly suggestive. It is very well to read from page 113 of the edition of "Science and Health" of 1907:

> There is no pain in Truth, and no truth in pain; no nerve in mind; and no mind in Nerve; no Matter in mind, and no mind in matter; no matter in Life, and no life in matter; no matter in good, and no good in matter.

I quote directly from the work and give you the page. This may be interpretable as a creed. But it does not seem to agree with the facts in the case, not even to the healers who have an eye to their fee, not even to the publishers who have an eye for tremendous material profits. I have here a page of advertising from a recent *Journal,* the November number, I think, on which there are twenty-five or more titles of works on Christian Science, all from one hand, that of Mrs. Eddy, at exorbitant prices. A little pamphlet of eleven pages is worth fifty cents. An average book that in other markets would sell for $1.50 at $3.00. All this is perfectly right and may be good and I make no criticism only that it is a recognition in fact of interest in realities that in the creed are denied. Somewhere those who face the laws of the universe must recognize the sanctity of other forces and principles than those instituted by this church. They are trying to deal with two installments of sacred revelation, one of which was closed with the Book of Revelation in our Bible, the next instalment was achieved when Mary Baker Eddy offered her "discovery" to the world. According to her disciples Christian Science is not an achievement but a "discovery," a "revelation."

I have spent my life in trying to lift myself and my hearers into an appreciation of the truth that the word of God is not bound, that he has never left man without a witness, that in all ages and in all times the spirit of man has been groping toward truth and reality, developing into a confidence in the Eternal. Now I plead for such interpretation of the unquestioned facts of every day experience through body and soul as will make them part and parcel of the Divine revelation coming to us through the triumphs and struggles of science, coming to us through the bitter experiences of faltering and halting men and women, coming to us through the growing triumphs of sincere lives, the best evidence of saintship, of saintly business, heavenly mercy, Divine gentleness and the power to forgive one's enemies. Nay, saintliness is the power to do without enemies.

There is a lot of energy wasted I fear by our Christian Science friends, I think, on their own theory, in trying to combat evil which they say does not exist, to cure diseases that have no reality, correct fallacies to which we are all agreed. The dogmatic spirit is offensive to the spirit of religion as I understand it. This is the supreme religious dogmatism of modern times. While alive Mrs. Eddy was the absolute final court of appeal, in death she has established a book as the ultimate court, the finality of the destiny of the movement she left behind. This book she entrusted to the exclusive control of a committee of five in Boston. No verdict is ever to add to or take from the conditions of this book, the program for every Sunday service of the year of which she has arranged. No one is permitted to practice without the consent of the hierarchy of five in Boston. No one is allowed to advertise in their publications without their consent and at a cost of "fifty cents a line." No word is to be spoken or read at a worshipping service except the Bible and Mary Baker Eddy. My friend, a practicing healer, had to be disciplined and was threatened with expulsion for conducing without permission a Bible class in another church.

I do not mean to criticize, much less to ridicule. I am sympathetic with this manifestation of spirit, this clumsy groping of the life of this century trying to shake itself free from the over burdens of dogma, superstition and materialism. But the philosophic recognition of the two classes of experience vouchsafed to man, one from the outer world through the senses, the other through the inner life of soul on the condition of sanity founded on experiences to my mind is a condition of soul, reasoning and sane living. Any perversion of the philosophy that insists on the sanctities of body *and* mind is empty and will ultimately lead to intellectual confusion and ethical hardness. I can conceive of no greater spiritual infidelity than the smug complacency that dares assume that the divine revelation is closed or confined to one book, that it comes from one man or one woman, in a world so full of inspiration.

If you will bear with me through one or two more studies in this course I will try to interpret all these experiences in the light of man's effort to come into contact with eternal things. The human soul hungers for sanity as well as sanctity and one illuminating conclusion is not possible without the other. We have had saints who were pure enough. We have had sages who were wise enough. What we want is a wedding of sanity and sanctity, wisdom and conscience, science and devoutness, a sense of presence interfused with holy suggestions, a hunger for adjustment to our kindred, comradeship everywhere and always.

Mesmerism, hypnotism, mind cure, new thought, theosophy, spiritualism, Christian Science are names that carry with them convictions most profound and valuable; they all indicate movements of mind that challenge thought. They do not menace growth until they assume the arrogance of ultimate statement, until they pretend to a monopoly of truth and power, until they would dismiss the slow growth of the centuries in the interest of a favorite new "revelation," if they want to call it such, in a given moment of time, vouchsafed to a fleeting mortal.

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> O, life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

Every new impulse, every new purpose, every bold adventure into the realm of the unknown is a real contribution to that life.

I am glad that this woman through her checkered experience was enabled to probe into some hidden chamber and to awaken some unexpected powers in the human soul. But I am glad at the same time for the brave men, who, by persistent efforts of science, discovered the microbe that brought an end to the yellow fever devastation, who discovered the mosquito that carries malaria, those men who demonstrated the specific quality of quinine, who have learned how with wonderful skill to restore weakened organs, to reinforce and reunite broken bones, to prolong the dimming eyesight, to make the dulled ears hear. God

be thanked for those triumphs of mind, the potency of soul in the presence of which we stand uncovered as we note the solemn revelations of microscope and telescope, the benign revealments of the laboratory and observatory, co-operative amenities that come through the combined energies of men and women, the organization of men and women to beat back the tide of sin and ignorance revealed in the meager homes and inadequately nourished over there in the slums. "Why should you abandon the kindergarten work when you become a Christian Scientist?" I said to a faithful friend. "Because it is not on the right principle!" Not the right principle to give to dirty children clean aprons or to wash their hands and faces! "What of these books?" I said to another, pointing to my Emerson shelf, the material which her mind had begun to study and enjoy. "We don't need them now. It is all in 'Science and Health.'" Such an attitude of mind is a menace to the growth of the community. For such to revel in the free air of the boulevards to the neglect of the poor over there on Maxwell Street is an impiety against the spirit, is a sin against the Holy Ghost. Sweet and holy is the revealing of the spirit uncopyrighted, not purchaseable and not saleable.

For such a revelation let us seek, into such a revelation may we fit our lives. Let us seek that saintliness that makes for a sanitary city, a redeemed state and a united world. For all this let us pray and work for evermore!

For the joy of this life, the bounty of this earth, for the hope of the life to come and the wealth of thy universe, material and spiritual, we give thanks, Father. Amen.

THE GATES OF SLEEP.

All day those portals shine afar,
They glisten in the sun;
An angel sets the door ajar
When the long day is done.

Silver and gray his vestments are,
And, with unerring hand,
He leads us where a single star
Lights all the solemn land.

The dwellers in that star-lit space
Are not the friends we see,
But those who, with averted face,
Departed silently.

Angel of night, lead on apace!
The doors of Sleep unbar,
And guide me to that trysting-place
Lit by a single star!

—*Alfred Abernethy Cowles.*

I think rain is as necessary to the mind as to vegetation. My thoughts become thirsty, and crave the moisture. —*John Burroughs.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Spanish American Books

We are, at last, waking to the importance of knowing Spanish. It is time. For almost twenty years we have owned the Philippines and Porto Rico; Spanish is, and will remain, importantly in use there. We are vastly interested in Cuba and Panama—to the degree that we aim to control their policies; both use Spanish only in business and life. We override the sovereign rights of the Central American republics, because of our commercial interests and to safeguard our policies; they are Spanish states. We hope for continued and developing trade in Mexico and South America where, except in Brazil, Spanish is the only language of trade. For these reasons a knowledge of Spanish is vastly important to us. We ought not only to know the language; we should know the thoughts, tastes, aspirations and aims of Spanish-speaking peoples.

The Hispanic Series.[1] Universities and colleges everywhere are appointing teachers of Spanish; some institutions are developing veritable faculties of Spanish language and literature. In our cities, large classes in high schools and in night schools are pursuing practical and business courses in Spanish. The book-houses are, of course, responding to the need and the different publishers are competing with more or less adequate texts. Among the many books offered none surpass the *Hispanic Series* put out by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co. It is under the editorship of Prof. John D. Fitzgerald of the University of Illinois, and its list of authors is strong and varied. Six volumes are already printed and the series will run to forty or more. A few Portuguese books will be included, but most of the series is Spanish. Language and literature are both included. On the language side there will be grammar, composition, reading and methods; in literature there will be selections, elementary texts and advanced texts. The volumes which will bring us most directly into contact with the life, psychology and thought of our neighbors will be those made up of selections from the literatures of the different Latin-American states. Those for Argentina, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, Santo Domingo, Uruguay and Venezuela are already in preparation. In the whole series the purpose is to give actual mastery of the language, to force the student to think and to express himself in Spanish. As a whole the series is an example of remarkable enterprise and leads all the efforts so far made in this direction.

Nieve y Lodo (*Snow and Mud*) is the title of a novel recently sent me by its author, Gonzalo Picon-Febres of Venezuela.[2] Señor Picon-Febres has already been mentioned in UNITY on account of his valuable work, *La Literatura Venezolana en Siglo xix* (*Venezuelan Literature in the Nineteenth Century*), and some of his novels. The present novel is a keen analysis of life in the great and gay city of Caracas in the period from 1879 to 1886. It is a skilful piece of realistic description, which strips bare the sham and falseness, the vulgarity, the tawdriness and ugliness of the life of overcharged urban civilization; it is a story of high life, of nominally respectable, of social and political leaders. Gay, brilliant, refined, the city life here depicted is disgusting, brutal, rotten; it carries in itself the seed of death.

A picture of life and society in Caracas, it might apply equally to Buenos Aires, Havana, Mexico; it would apply almost equally to Madrid or Paris. The Latin looks at things differently from ourselves; to a marked degree, he reacts differently. But the lesson of *Nieve y Lodo* applies, with mere detail changes, to New York, Chicago, or London. To one who reads with thought the story will not only reveal Spanish-American nature and life, it will betray the meaning of urban high civilization everywhere.

Dr. Diego Carbonell, Rector of the University of the Andes at Merida, Venezuela, has sent me a pamphlet containing two lectures given by him last summer.[3] They were *Arteriosclerosis and the Fear of Death* and *The Dignity of the Laborer*—the latter having been delivered before a labor union. They are both examples of the delicate and flowery Spanish oratory and reflect a characteristic national attitude towards certain phenomena and problems. In diction and thought both are of high grade. If we actually know just what interests our neighbors and get their view point, their mode of thought, their form of expression, we get along with them much better. With the present deep interest in Spanish study, we should seize every opportunity to read real writing of the moment by Latin-Americans.

1. *The Hispanic Series.* New York: 1916-1917. Benjaman N. Sanborn & Co. 16°.
   Espinosa: *Elementary Spanish Reader.* pp. ix. 208. Price, 90 cts.
   Berge-Soler and Hathaway: *Elementary Spanish Reader.* pp. xiv. 460. Price, $1.24.
   Bushee: *Fundamentals of Spanish Grammar.* pp. xxi. 124. Price, 80 cts.
   Wilkins: *Elementary Spanish Prose Book.* pp. xiv. 482. Price, $1.24.
   Espinosa: *Advanced Spanish Composition and Conversation.* pp. xiii. 314. Price, $1.24.
   Owen and Lister: *La Conjuracion de Venecia* (de la Rosa). pp. xxxvii. 191. Price, 90 cts.
2. *Nieve y Lodo.* Gonzalo Picon-Febres. Paris: n. d. P. Ollendorff. 16°, pp. 326.
3. *Arteriosclerosis y Miedo a la Muerte, La Dignidad del Obrero.* Diego Carbonell. Maracaibo: 1917. 8°, pp. 49.

FREDERICK STARR.

SOLACE.

[*The brave at home—Thomas B. Ready.*]

Oh, mother, sister, daughter, wife,—
'Mid all the pangs—the sore distress,—
Born of the battle's cruel strife,
God does not leave you comfortless.

Ah, lift your hearts o'er this sad world—
Behold, by Faith's true, changeless leaven,
On scroll across the blue unfurled,—
This message writ: "Somewhere in Heaven."

EMMA N. CARLETON.

New Albany, Indiana.

"We are what we imagine, and our deeds
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts today
Epics that little children in their play
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;
In barracks, court and school were sown the seeds,
Like dragons' teeth, which ripen to affray
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.
Mock then no more at dreaming, lest our own
Create for us a like reality!
Let not imagination's soil be sown
With armed men, but justice, so that we
May for a word of tyranny atone,
And dream from that despair—Democracy!"

—*From N. Y. Times.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Beginnings

Myth versus Science

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

VIII.

Clothing—Ornamentation

"What custom wills, in all things should we do it?"
—Shakespeare.

A lesson on the historical and scientific development of clothing is one of the most important in our course. It is difficult because never taken seriously. We will try to find the place which clothing occupies in the history of the evolution of society.

First, it is an unquestioned fact that clothing did not begin as protection against climatic conditions. Neither did clothing begin in modesty, from the motive of shame, as ascribed to Adam and Eve in the Genesis myth when after the Fall they became conscious of their nakedness and made aprons of fig leaves.

Scholars make its origin very clear and impressive as a desire for ornamentation. The love of decoration reaches back to the very earliest manifestations of life. Primitive decoration was not drapery but skin decoration. In it was the love of color which led man to paint his body, perforate his lips and pierce his ears to receive jewels, and to elaborate the art of tatooing. Men when by themselves, particularly sailors and soldiers, pass the time thus decorating themselves. We have some interesting examples among the New Zealanders. Then comes the elaboration of the hair, illustrated by pictures of Fiji islanders. The next step is indicated by the hunter who hung the teeth of his quarry around his neck. It is probable that man's first attempt to work in metals was not in search of the utilitarian but of the artistic, and he soon found that he could work gold and copper into rings and other jewelry, thus satisfying his lust for hanging things on his body. We see here the reason why Africa and Asia have been exploited by the white man not by violence but by the most glaring fraud. A box of bright glass beads would buy a county from those poor untutored lovers of show.

Darwin tells an interesting story of the natives of Terre del Fuego. Seeing them in a cold climate, the women shivering in the sleety winter weather, he sent them a roll of red flannel. On a return visit he was horrified to find that they had torn it into strips and distributed it for decorative purposes.

First, then, ornamentation. Naturally all available factors were multiplied; the plants of the earth, grasses, fruits, pebbles, gems and stones and above all the one unfailing resource for human decoration, the plumage of the birds. Birds enter into the millinery of all ages and all people.

The secondary use of clothing was for protection, then came the acquired implication of modesty and lastly that which the books scarcely mention. Starr's list includes only decoration, protection and modesty but there is another element in coquetry, the emphasizing of sex attraction. We come upon this appar-

ently unconscious development of life all through the lower branches of nature; in quadruped, bird and insect the decorated sex is the male sex. The cock wears the gayest plumage. Primitive man was the decorated sex. The earliest priest rejoiced in special robes and the early chief was highly painted and most lavish in his decoration.

The tables have since turned and in what we now call civilization and society it is the woman who takes on color and ornamentation. She wears the bright colors and exhausts her ingenuity in multiplying her charms by the help of dress. This apparent change is quite in line with evolution and the contradiction is only apparent. In all the lower stages of life the male did the courting, in primitive man's circle as well as in nature, but when society became more elaborate and the males became decimated by war, distracted by industries, preoccupied by economic demands, and home and leisure passed out of his hands into the hands of the feminine sex and the restraints of morality, monogamy, came in, the subject sex was the feminine. We still believe that man does the courting but it is only convention that holds us to that. In primitive society there were no old maids, no superfluities of the feminine gender and there was no limit to masculine prowess. With the change in proportion came the monogamous law of morals which is found deeply rooted in biology way down below the human. The courting sex now became the feminine and decoration became her delight, pastime and ambition.

Too long and charming a story to try and tell in one lesson is that of the slow steps by which modern raiment came in use from primitive man's search for ornamentation and decoration. Naturally primitive man was indolent, lazy except under provocation when hunger and anger and ambition led him to bursts of effort, and under semi-tropic conditions the occasion for strenuous struggle was not great. But we do find in the natives of Australia, Africa and among American Indians much industry and laborious toil displayed in making ornaments. The arts of weaving, embroidering and of carving all began not in the utilitarian but in the desire for beauty.

The story of every bit of raiment you have on is an epitome of the history of the race. Conservative woman has clung to the skirt and has thus preserved the standard of that which was the common raiment of both sexes centuries ago. The man for obvious practical reasons has outgrown skirts except when worn for certain conservative functions. The priest still keeps his flowing skirt and the academic man still wears his cap and gown. The Scotchman for conservative traditional reasons still wears the kilts, the elaboration of girdle and feathers.

Conventional servant's dress is a survival of the fashion of lords and dukes of over two hundred, perhaps four hundred years ago and man slips back at least two hundred years when he is in full dress at a social function. The swallowtail harks back to the time when the cavalier on horseback wore a sword and in order to give room for it the coat tails were slit up. The front was caught back with buttons. Provision was made for a shield but all that is left of it is a broad expanse of starched linen. The two buttons at the back of a man's coat were to hold the belt which now he never wears, which is a survival of the time when the rider took my lady on behind and had a belt for her to hang on to.

All these facts come out in a most vivid way in the study of the evolution of dress. During the last thousand or fifteen hundred years dress has developed in two main currents. The northern races, the Goth and Teuton, having to compete with the severities of climate were the first to develop from the skins of wild animals the garment that was snug and taut and comfortable. They developed the tunic and trouser form. In southern Europe came the flowing robe, loose sleeves and skirts. To an extent they ran together. The man of form and function yielding to the practicalities of the times chose the close vest and divided skirt; the priest and professor preserved the flowing robe. But in the main man has standardized his dress so that he is comfortable, conventional and respectable at the same time. Woman's dress is still unstandardized and she has endless trouble in getting dressed and hatted, with constant strain on her nerves and her pocketbook. Civilization cannot advance much farther until woman is released from the tyranny of fashion and has to some extent standardized her wearing apparel.

Beauty it is claimed is always its own justification and if woman can prove in the light of art that all this fuss of the milliner and the dressmaker is beautiful then she may be justified in the cost of it. The standard of art, from Angelo to Ruskin demanded certain qualifications. The element of beauty and the power perpetually to charm is one. We do not outgrow Corinthian columns. The science of beauty is somehow related to the permanent. Another element is that of economy. The accepted canons of beauty according to Ruskin are utility, durability and economy and they hold in regard to woman's dress.

Some weeks ago there was a great and beautiful procession of the Red Cross workers in New York City. Some twenty thousand women, armed for service either at home or abroad, most of them in uniform, gratifying to the eye and impressive in the aggregate, somehow forgot or failed to standardize their shoes and after perhaps an hour's march those women were beginning to limp and lag.

There is one other element in the evolution of dress which the books have neglected. Dress was first ornament, then protection, third for modesty, fourth, coquetry. There is a fifth element, whether in man or woman, that of rivalry. Woman wants to beat her sister, if not in beauty, in invention, and that this is increasingly true is evidenced by gatherings of woman's clubs when no man is around.

One thing is perfectly true to the student of dress. Modesty and virtue, chastity and beauty of body and mind is in no way connected with dress. The half naked tropical woman may be and oftentimes is protected with a modesty more virtuous, more commendable and real than the coquetry of the well dressed woman on the boulevard.

Reference: The Heritage of Dress by Wilfred Mark Webb.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the origin of clothing?
(2) What was the secondary use of clothing?
(3) What does Ruskin hold to be the accepted rule of beauty?
(4) Tell the story of Darwin and the red flannel.
(5) How have climatic influences modified the dress of northern and southern Europe?

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

AN APPEAL FROM INDIA.

In these days of progress and enlightenment in India, very few realize how much we owe to Rajah Rammohun Roy for the new life we are breathing in every sphere of activity. In every field, whether in that of educational, political, religious or social reform, the Rajah was the prime mover; and so the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale rightly characterized him the "Maker of Modern India." But it is a matter of great regret and national reproach that no memorial exists at the birthplace of the greatest man of modern India. So a movement has recently been set on foot by some of the sincere admirers of Rajah Rammohun Roy to erect a fitting memorial of him at his birthplace at Radhanagar in the Hooghly District. On the 22d of April, 1916, the foundation stone of the memorial was laid by Mrs. Hemlata Tagore, a distinguished and educated lady of the Rajah's family, in the presence of a large number of people hailing from various parts of India. After giving the matter their very careful consideration, it has at present been decided by the Society to devote their best attention to the construction of an up-to-date Temple of oriental design at a moderate cost; to put up a full-sized marble statue of the Rajah outside a park which is going to be made in front of the memorial at Radhanagar; to build a Guest House for pilgrims visiting the place from time to time; to found a chair for the study of Comparative Religion and Philosophy; to excavate a tank under the name of "Rammohun Sarobar" for supply of good drinking water, and lastly, to preserve the old relics and associations of the Rajah. We also want to create a reserve fund for the upkeep of the monument out of the interest. To successfully carry out all these projects, a large sum of money will be required. The movement has so far attracted a very large measure of public sympathy and support. An Indian lady has come forward to defray the cost of the statue of the Rajah. Mrs. Golap Sundari Devi, the widow of the late Babu Harimohun Roy, the grandson of the Rajah, has, with her usual generosity and public spirit, promised to bear a portion of the cost of the whole scheme. The District Board of Hooghly has sanctioned the construction of the tank at its own cost and several sympathizers of the movement all over the country are contributing their quota for the speedy accomplishment of the noble object. The contract for the construction of the memorial has now been given to a reliable Calcutta firm who have taken up the work in right earnest. The general feeling in the country is that Radhanagar ought soon to be a sacred place of pilgrimage for all educated ladies and gentlemen. The most noteworthy feature of the movement is that the Government of India has recently sanctioned the survey for the construction of a broad-gauge railway which will pass very near Radhanagar, and when this is opened it will enable the public to take full advantage of the place and to attend the Annual Mela which the promoters of the scheme have in contemplation to hold at Radhanagar on the Rajah's birthday. We are fully convinced that to carry out such a noble project money will not be wanting. We, therefore, respectfully venture to appeal to all admirers of the Rajah for their hearty co-operation with the organizers of the movement, which is a purely nonsectarian one. As you take an active interest in the cause of the Rajah's memorial at his birthplace, we sincerely hope that you will not hesitate to extend a helping hand to the promoters of the memorial.

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THREE FAMOUS NEW YORK CHURCHES TO COMBINE.

Northward the trend of congregations takes its way in New York City, and churches reluctantly follow, but an exception to this rule will be seen in a merger of three Presbyterian churches to draw their worshipers southward to the down-town site. The "Old First," at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, is not called upon to interrupt its history of over two hundred years; but the University Place Church at Tenth Street and University Place and Dr. Parkhurst's, the little Romanesque gem set in its surroundings of modern skyscrapers at Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Square, seem likely to go the way of all temporal things in New York. The congregations propose to consolidate into one with recognition of the parent stalk now presided over by Dr. Howard Duffield. "No consolidation plan of such general interest and importance has ever been suggested" in New York, says the New York Times, and, indeed, these churches, "through their long years of usefulness in the social and spiritual life of the metropolis" have earned something like national fame.

The Times continues:

"They have been fortunate in their pastoral relations, each minister having served his charge for over a quarter of a century. Dr. Duffield, Dr. Parkhurst, and Dr. Alexander have been more than religious leaders of a limited parish or congregation. They are all men of marked individuality, to whom religion has meant good government and a recognition of the Church's responsibility to the foreign-born residents of the city as well as to their congregations.

March 9, 1918. —*Literary Digest.*

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